The Lamentation of Master *Pages* wife of Plimmouth, who being enforced by her Parents to wed him against her will, did most wickedly consent to his murther, for the love of *George Strangwidge*; for which fact she suffered death at Barstable in Devonshire. VVritten with her owne hand a little before her death.

To the tune of Fortune my Foe.

O VNhappy she whom fortune hath forlorne,
Despis'd of grace, that proffered grace did scorn:
My lawlesse love that lucklesse wrought my woe,
My discontent content did overthrow.

My loathed life too late I doe lament,
My hatefull deed with heart I doe repent:
A wife I was that wilfull went awry,
And for that fault am here prepar'd to die.

In blooming yeares my fathers greedy mind,
Against my will a match for me did find:
Great wealth there was, yea gold and many store,
But yet my heart had chosen long before.

My eye mislik't my Fathers liking quite:
My heart did loath my Parents fond delight:
My grieved mind and fancie told to me,
That with his age my youth could not agree.

On knees I crau'd they would not me constraine,
With teares I cride their purpose to restraine:
With sighs and sobs I did them often moue,
I might not wed whereas I could not loue.

But all in vaine my speeches still I spent,
My Fathers will my wishes did prevent:
Though wealthy Page poßeßt my outward part,
George Strangwidge still was lodged in my heart.

I wedded was, but wrapped in all woe.
Great discontents within my heart did grow,
I loath'd to liue, yet liu'd in deadly strife,
Because perforce I was made Pages wife.

My chosen eyes could not his sight abide,
My tender youth did scorne his aged side,
Scant could I taste the meat whereon he fed,
My legs did loath to lodge within his bed.

Cause knew I none I should despise him so,
That such disdaine within my mind did grow
Saue onely this that fancie did me moue,
And told me still George Strangwidge was my loue.

But here began my downfall and decay,
In mind I mus'd to make him straight away,
I that became his discontented wife,
Contented was he should be rid of life.

Me thinkes that heauen cries vengeance for my fact,
Me thinkes the world condemnes my monstrous act,
Me thinkes within, my conscience tells me true,
That for that deed Hell fier is my due.

My penitent life doth sorrow for my sinne,
For this offence my soule doth bleed within,
Yet mercy Lord for mercy doe I cry,
Saue thou my soule, and let my body dye.

Well could I wish that Page enjoy'd his life,
So that he had some other to his wife,
But neuer would I wish of low or hie,
A longer life, and see sweet Strangwidge die.

Ah woe is me that had no better grace,
To stay till he had run out Natures race:
My deed I rue, but more I doe lament,
That to the same my Strangwidge gaue consent.

You Parents fond that greedy-minded be,
And seeke to graft upon a golden tree:
Consider well, and rightfull Iudges be,
And giue your doome twixt Parents loue and me.

I was their child and bound for to obey,
Yet not to wed where I no loue could lay:
I married was to muck and endlesse strife,
But faith before had made me Strangwidge wife.

Ah wretched world which sinnered rust doth blinde,
And cursed men that beare a greedy minde:
And hapleße I whom Parents did force so,
To end my dayes in sorrow, shame and woe.

You Devonshire Dames, and courteous Cornwall (Knights,
That here are come to visit woefull wights:
Regard my griefe, and marke my woefull end,
And to your children be a better friend.

And thou my deare which for my fault must dye,
Be not afraid the fore of death to try,
Like as we liu'd and lou'd together true,
So both at once let's bid the world adue.

Ulalia thy friend doth take her last farewell,
Whose soule with thine in heauen shall euer dwell,
Sweet Sauiour Christ doe thou my soule receiue,
The world I doe with all my heart forgiue.

And Parents now, whose mournfull minds doe show
Your hearts disease and inward heauy woe:
Mourne you no more, for hope my heart doth tell,
Ere day be done, that I shall be full well.

And Plimmouth proud, I bid thee eke farewell,
Take heed you wiues, let not your hands rebell:
And farewell life wherein such sorrow showes,
And welcome graue which must my corps inclose.

And now sweet Lord forgiue me my misdeeds,
Repentance cries for soule that inward bleeds:
My soule and body I commend to thee,
That with thy blood from death redeem'd it free.

Lord blesse our King with long and happy life,
And send true loue betwixt each Man and Wife:
And giue all Parents wisedome to foresee,
The match is marr'd where minds doe not agree.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Lamentation of *George Strangwidge*, who for conſenting to the death of Maſter *Page* of Plimmouth, ſuffered death at Barſtable.

THe man that ſighes and ſorrowes for his ſinne,
The corps which care and woe hath wrapped in,
In doleſull ſort records his Swan-like Song,
That waits for death, and loathes to liue ſo long.

O Glandfield, cauſe of my committed crime,
Snared in wealth, as Birds in bush of lime:
What cauſe hadſt thou to beare ſuch wicked ſpight
Againſt my good, and eke my Loues delight?

I would to God thy wiſedome had beene more,
Or that I had not entred in thy doore:
Or that thou hadſt a kinder Father beene,
Vnto thy Child, whoſe yeares are yet but greene.

The match vnmade to which thou for mock didſt make,
When aged Page thy Daughter home did take:
Well maiſt thou rue with teares that cannot dry,
Which was the cauſe that foure of vs muſt dye.

Ulalia faire, more bright than Summers Sunne,
Whoſe beauty had my heart for euer won,
My ſoule more ſobs to thinke of thy diſgrace,
Than to behold mine owne vntimely race.

The deed late done in heart I doe lament,
But that I lou'd, I cannot yet repent:
Thy ſomely ſight was euer ſweet to me,
Would God my death would thy excuſer be.

It was for me (alas) thou didſt the ſame,
On me of right they ought to lay the blame:
My waythleſſe loue hath brought my life in froane,
Now woe is me that euer I was borne.

Farewell my loue, whoſe loyall heart was ſeene,
Would God thou hadſt not halfe ſo conſtant beene:
Farewell my Loue the pride of Plimmouth Towne,
Farewell the Flower whoſe beauty is cut downe.

For twenty yeares great was the coſt I know,
Thy vnkind Father did on thee beſtow:
Yet afterwards ſo ſore did fortune lowre,
He loſt his joy and Child within an houre.

My wrong and woe to God I doe commit,
His was the fault, by matching them vnfit:
And yet my guilt I cannot to excuſe,
I gaue conſent his life for to abuſe.

Wretch that I am that I conſent did giue,
Had I denied, Ulalia ſtill ſhould liue:
Blind fancy ſaid, her ſuite das not denie,
Liue thou in bliſſe, or elſe in ſorrow die.

O Lord forgiue this cruell deed of mine,
Vpon my ſoule let beames of mercy ſhine:
In Juſtice Lord doe thou no vengeance take,
Forgiue vs both for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake.

FINIS.

The Sorrowfull complaint of Miſtris *Page*, for cauſing her husband to be murdered, for the love of *George Strangwidge*, who were executed together.

IF euer woe did touch a womans heart,
Or griefe did gall for ſinne the inward part:
My conſcience then and heauy heart within,
Can witneſſe well my ſorrow for my ſinne.

When yeares were young my Father for'ct me wed,
Againſt my will, where fancy was not led,
I was content his pleaſure to obey,
Although my heart was linkt another way.

Great were the guifts they proffered to my ſight,
With wealth they thought to win me to delight:
But gold nor guift my heart could not remoue,
For I was linkt whereas I could not loue.

Me thought his ſight was loathſome to my eye,
My heart did grudge againſt him inwardly:
This diſcontent did cauſe my deadly ſtrife,
And with his wealth I liu'd a loathſome life.

My conſtant loue was on young Strangwidge ſet,
And woe to them that did our welfare let:
His loue to me ſo deepe a roote did take,
I could haue gone a begging for his ſake.

Wronged he was euen through my Parents plaine,
Wronged he was through fond deſire of gaine,
If faith and troth a perfect Iuoge might be,
I had beene wife vnto no man but he.

Eternall God forgiue my faithleſſe deed,
And grant all Maidens to take better heed,
If I had conſtant beene vnto my friend,
I had not matcht to make ſo bad an end.

But wanting grace, I ſought my owne decay,
And was the cauſe to caſt my friend away:
And he in whom my earthly ioyes did lie,
Through my amiſſe, a ſhamefull death muſt die.

Farewell ſweet George, my louing faithfull friend,
Needes muſt I laud and loue thee to the end,
And albeit that Page poſſeſt thy due,
In ſight of God thou waſt my Husband true.

My watry eyes vnto the heauens I bend,
Craning of Chriſt his mercy to extend:
My bloody deed, O Lord, doe me forgiue,
And let my ſoule within thy Kingdome liue.

Farewell falſe World, and friends that fickle be,
All wiues farewell, example take by me:
Let not the Deuill to murder you entice:
Seeke to eſcape each ſoule and filthy vice.

And now, O Chriſt, to thee I yeeld my breath,
Strengthen my faith in bitter pangs of death.
Forgiue my faults and follies I thee pray,
And with thy blood waſh thou my ſinnes away.

FINIS.